

She would have been five in the early spring,
The frost churns yet in the ground,
And started in at the community school.
Her hair was oats glistening in the field,
Like Benny Ray's; he's two.
Every day I cross the shallow stream,
The water puckers over the slippery rocks.
Pausing here,
I ache at this road.

Sylvia Girsh

Out of touch,
Passed's underpull our peril sinks.
Not amulet nor urn, no image at eye-level;
History draws at oblivion
,perpetually,
drinks.

We're on the high seas now:
No candy calm; no tall tale
Tricks a snugly-pleated scene; all sets us.
But soundly rounding is the sea: she's under us
As mother palm her infant's boat,
Teetering in a bath tide.

We know how hollowly is worked, below,
What once was fat.
We know where we ride.

M.C. Richards

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